By Taras Mihal

Assembly of Buffoonish Nationalists

TARAS MIHAL

ABN—assembly of buffoonish nationalists

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THE WIND BLEW LIKE A HURRICANE...

The company was select, but—the truth must be told—not one to command respect. Twelve men sat around a table, a round table at that, yet you could see at a glance that they were neither friends nor people of a single mind. They eyed one another like wolves and it looked as though they would fly at each other's throat at any minute. It was easy to see that they had assembled to deal with a very painful subject, these scowling, ferocious elderly men—twelve, like the apostles, or a jury—and one woman, like an Amazon of the prairies or a Madonna of the nighttime boulevards.

"Our" company gathered in the dingy room of a Munich beer-hall, which still remembered the drunken orgies of the Hitler cutthroats of the 1920's and 1930's. They did not come to drink a pint of Bavarian stout or reminisce about the "good old days" when they had occupied cushy offices, but in order to carve up Europe and other continents into choice slices, move borders around and divide among themselves territories that didn't belong to them. They were able to do it only on the map, fortunately, for they didn't have the power to do more than that. And so, stretching heavy, veined hands to the soiled map, they heatedly raked in countries with fingers like talons.

"Up to here is mine!" yelled an old White Guard emigré colonel in a Cossack uniform of World War I vintage. "This will be the mighty new power called Cossackia."

"I will found my Urals Empire over here," a second old gaffer babbled, covering a sizeable chunk of Europe and Asia with his hands.

The Georgian prince did not take a back seat in this scramble. He tenderly caressed the mountains and valleys of Transcaucasia with his palms and bombastically shouted:

"The history of Georgia for four thousand years bears out that we always ruled these parts."

A frail man, whose pate was almost completely bald, rose, whisked the glasses off his nose and feebly beat on the table with his skinny hand, trying to restore order.

"Let the president speak!" bleated the Madonna, rising as well. She took them all in with her sharp, penetrating gaze and leaned her ripe, Raphael-type torso on the table.

The hubbub subsided somewhat.

The president began to speak in a rasping voice:

"The secretariat of our mighty organization has convened us, honorable gentlemen, worthy representatives of great and brave nations, not that we should squabble and fight among ourselves, but to decide a very urgent and important matter. As you learned from the invitation letter, our organization, which is famous on both hemispheres, is putting out a map of the member-nations of the Bloc. We must immediately decide the borders of our future states and dominions, and also of that region which will be set aside for the Russians. Remember that the future of the world and the happiness and liberty of all mankind depend on how we decide this problem. Therefore, I appeal to your political sagacity and beg you not to quarrel and not to covet what by right belongs to others. Let us carry on as is done in the civilized, free western world. I may add, on behalf of the great empire which I have the honor to represent,"—here the president paused for a moment and stole a wary glance at the Madonna—"that the independent, sovereign, nationalist Ukraine has every right to demand a certain... hmmm... *lebensraum*... pardon me, I shouldn't use that word—territorial concessions from our neighbor powers to the north, south, east and west. This refers in particular to so-called Byelorussia. It is not a secret that Byelorussia has actually been Ukrainian territory from time immemorial, and therefore, in line with the right of nations to self-determination, we demand, we demand..."

A hard object flew in the direction of the president from that part of the table where the representative of the

Byelorussian "independencers" was seated. The insulted chairman scuttled to hide behind the full-fleshed woman. The Madonna drummed on the table with her fists.

"Gentlemen delegates, keep calm and no monkeyshines, please. If you have no respect for each other, at least don't forget that there's a lady present."

"You're a witch, not a lady!" angrily shouted a portly blond man in the uniform of the pre-war Estonian army.

"Order your half-pint husband around, not us!" roared the fiery Georgian prince, leaping up from his chair. "Who do you think you are? Tsarina Catherine the Second?"

A veritable bedlam arose. All began to yell, jumping at each other like bantam roosters and tearing the undivided map of the earth to shreds.

The bodyguard-doorkeeper poked his tousled head in from behind the door.

"Shut up!" he bellowed with the full force of his powerful lungs. "The cops!"

The plenipotentiaries burst into laughter. The fight was over.

"We know those boys from the old days," several spoke at once. "From the Gestapo."

"Mykola, back to your post!" squeaked the Madonna, and then began to pound the blueblooded Georgian prince with a spoon...

The scene which we have just described, dear reader, is not invented. Such meetings of "representatives of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations" actually took place and quite often at that. Here is the text of an invitation to one of those gatherings that was held in Munich in the summer of 1949:

CC ABN [1]
SECRETARIAT OFFICE
No. 49/49

To the South-Caucasian delegation accredited to the CC ABN.

In connection with the next publication of a map of member-nations of ABN a meeting will be held to decide the borders of ABN with the Russian state.

We ask you to send delegates without fail.

This matter is very important and urgent, therefore we beg you not to disregard it.

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[1] Central Committee of the Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations.

The meeting will take place on July 8th at 14 : 30 in Munich, Dachauerstrasse 9, 2nd floor, room 7.

On behalf of the Secretariat Office
MUKHA

Questions of state borders and other "political", "military" and "economic" matters were discussed not only on Dachauerstrasse (how symbolic is the name of the street!). Sittings, meetings and conferences were also held in other Munich beer-halls and clubs, and in other West German and West European cities. And the trail leads farther yet—far across the ocean. A handful of individuals unite, then quarrel and part, write proclamations, compile memorandums, and gad about the globe. They study problems and make decisions on matters in which they have no say and can't have any. They fill the pages of various newspapers with low-standard articles, and always and everywhere beg for tips—in cash. Let us take a closer look at this grouping of emigré politicians. Who are they, these individuals who have so pompously named themselves the "Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations", and whom do they represent?

People abroad have re-named them more simply, and probably more aptly, the "Assembly of Buffoonish Nationalists."

BY TREASON AND BY BLOOD

Reactionaries of all stripes, enemies of the working people, have been setting up blocs this many a year, striving to light the fires of a new war with the aim of overthrowing the Soviet Union and all the socialist countries, destroying the democratic achievements of mankind and blasting friendship between nations sky high. But all in vain. The Communist ideals have demonstrated their vitality and strength. The mighty spirit of unity among the peoples in the struggle for peace, democracy and human happiness is triumphantly spreading through the five continents of our globe and winning ever greater numbers of adherents. That's what is driving the imperialists and their hangers-on among the emigrés in the U.S.A., Canada and Western Europe stark raving mad. That is the reason why they are going crazy in their political death-throes.

The Ukrainian nationalists through the Tsentralna Rada [1] delivered the Ukraine to the troops of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and Austrian Emperor Franz-Joseph in 1918, and then their leader Petlura sold the Western Ukrainian territories to the Entente-backed Poland. They called for a military crusade against the land of Soviets all through the 1920's. Later the OUNites [2], "hetmanites" [3] and other nationalist henchmen placed their hopes in the "invincible" army of Hitler. When those illusions were shattered as well, they began to count on a new, third world war—an atomic blitz against the Soviet Union. They are still cherishing that "pipe dream".

Many nationalist groups openly and unequivocally helped the Hitlerite occupation forces during World War II to destroy and terrorize the population of countries they seized. Numerous "generals" dreamed of entering ancient Lviv and golden-domed Kiev on a white horse, or on a common fascist cart, or even on the backs of their followers! Who of those homegrown Ukrainian reactionary politicians, from the UNDO [4] deputies in the Polish sejm (parliament) to the OUN bosses, did not dream of nights about cabinet portfolios and the prime minister's chair?

Nowadays the Banderites [5] are fond of repeating that they were opposed to the German fascist aggressors and had acted against them. That's what they say now! But it was none other than Bandera's "minister of war" Roman Shukhevich, bosom friend and brother-at-arms of professor-murderer Theodore Oberlander [6], who has been exposed and damned by the people—the same Captain Shukhevich who was General Taras Chuprynka of UPA [7],

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[1] Self-imposed counter-revolutionary "government" in the Ukraine in 1917-18.

[2] Members of the bourgeois nationalist Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists.

[3] Adherents of German puppet "hetman" of Ukraine in 1918, tsarist general Pavlo Skoropadsky.

[4] Ukrainian National Democratic Organization, a bourgeois party in Polish-occupied Western Ukraine.

[5] Faction of OUN led by Stepan Bandera, probably the most bloodthirsty of Ukrainian fascist groups.

[6] Commander of the infamous Nazi "Nightingale" detachment which killed numerous innocent Ukrainian citizens in Western Ukraine during World War II.

[7] Ukrainian Insurrection Army organized and equipped by the Nazis.

and is now Saint Illya the Armor-bearer in the Banderite roster of "heroes"—who led the nationalist mercenaries in the ranks of the Wehrmacht to commit the bloodiest crimes on Ukrainian soil.

The thirty most prominent intellectuals of Lviv were shot on Vuletska Hill not without Shukhevich's participation. And it was Bandera's right-hand man, his long-time "brains trust" and minister of foreign affairs Yaroslav Stetsko, who on June 30th, 1941 ensconced himself in the premier's chair of his "independent government", although there wasn't even an independent crack in that chair, since it was all made of German stuff and fascist spirit, painted with the blood of the Ukrainian people.

Stetsko now loves to brag that he fought against the Nazi occupation regime and even that he personally suffered at the hands of the fascists. In order to disperse once for all any lingering doubts about Stetsko's true image, we take the liberty of quoting from the "premier's" autobiography, penned by his own hand, which was found among the archives of... Rosenberg. Yes, that same Rosenberg, one of the top Nazi war criminals, who was hanged at Nuremberg over twenty years ago.

"Beginning with the summer of 1939," Stetsko writes, "I lived in Italy, at Genoa and Rome, busy with foreign political activity and putting out a nationalist press service in the Italian language...

(At that time Il Duce's secret service became the richer by one new agent—his code-name was Belendis.)

"...In August, 1940 I arrived in Germany, where among other things I was effectual in preparing and working out the OUN's political program...

(Precisely there and then the list of the doomed Lviv intellectuals was drawn up.)

"...The very day that the German troops entered Lviv, I arrived there and proclaimed the renewal of Ukrainian statehood, taking over the leadership of the government in Lviv on Bandera's instructions... The government began practical work, organizing the economy, administration, militia, etc.

(Lviv people will never forget the pogroms and looting, nor will they forget Stetsko's militia, recruited from the most savage of butchers.)

"...Striving to establish the closest possibile co-opera-

tion with the German military and to help them in every respect, to organize with our own forces whatever assistance the German armed power might require...

(No comment. That's the gospel truth.)

"...Under the guidance of the Metropolitan and bishops of both faiths [1], Metropolitan Sheptitsky [2] issued a pastoral letter, in which he recognized the new government and called on the population to subject itself to it...

(The old fox wrote a new letter...)

"...The former president of the West Ukrainian Republic (Kost Levitsky) supports the government and appeared together with the government delegation before the local German authorities...

(How else?!)

"...My conception of how I view the essence of Ukrainian statehood according to my creed... the ideology and program of the organization which I created can be clearly seen from my writings. It is in toto hostile to Marxism, democracy and all classical democratic ideologies and programs. In the field of politics I stand for an authoritarian one-party regime for the Ukraine, and in the social sphere for national solidarism, which is close to the National-Socialist program...

"I consider Moscow and Jewry to be the main and decisive enemy, and therefore stand for the destruction of the Jews and the advisability of introducing German methods of exterminating Jewry into the Ukraine...

(Horror makes it impossible to comment. Six million victims!)

"...We stand for total economic assistance by the Ukraine in everything Germany may need and by every means possible... That's my *standpunkt* as chief of the Ukrainian government."

"Standtpunkt" — how eloquent is this word in the last sentence of Stetsko's autobiography! The fascist lackey even employed a German word, clicked with it like a martinet clicking his heels before his *schaarführer*. That's to make sure that he wouldn't be misunderstood, that nobody—God forbid!—should think that he could possibly entertain some viewpoint of his own and not the fascist

[1] Catholic and Orthodox.

[2] A scion of the Polish aristocracy, he headed the Uniate (Greek Catholic) Church in Western Ukraine.

standtpunkts, that his support and assistance to the Hitler German invaders should not be suspected of being incomplete and unequivocal.

You don't need to worry about that, Mr. "premier"! The Ukrainian people fully learned and well know the *standtpunkts* of all your actions and the "politics" of your whole life. In the language of honest people your *standtpunkts* are nothing more than treason to the Ukraine.

A FASCIST'S "STANDTPUNKTS"

During the several days when he occupied the premier's chair in a government which nobody recognized or respected, Stetsko unleashed a torrent of activity. First of all, he sent his declarations and appeals wherever he could. The very first, naturally, were addressed to his spiritual parents. For the sake of historical truth we will remind Stetsko of some of the gems of his 1941 "epistles", because he has evidently forgotten them, since he never mentions them nowadays.

On July 7th, 1941 the "premier" despatched a message written in German to Führer and Reichskanzler Adolf Hitler, declaring:

"...The universally known striving of the Führer, the German people and the National-Socialist movement to establish a new order based on the only just foundation—the freedom of peoples *(Wow!)*—gives us the right to expect that the restoration of their own state, which has been begun by the Ukrainian people, will be regarded as an act of historical importance. *(If wishes were horses...)* Deeply convinced of this, we extend to you, great führer and foremost fighter for a new world order, and also to your heroic army, our most sincere wishes that your undertaking shall be crowned by final victory." *(That wish, as we know, came true the other way around.)*

To Mussolini, the Duce of fascist Italy, Stetsko wrote:

"...I send you hearty greetings and an expression of sincere joy at the victorious advance of your heroic army. Wishing your courageous people speedy and complete victory, we are firmly convinced that the Ukraine will take its place as it deserves as a state-creative factor in the new, just fascist order that must replace the Versailles system."

(The Ukraine occupies the place it deserves, but not in a fascist order.)

The declaration by which Stetsko proclaimed his "independent state" in Lviv on June 30th, 1941 is also worth quoting.

"The newly rising Ukrainian state will closely collaborate with National-Socialist Germany, which under the leadership of its führer Adolf Hitler is establishing a new order in Europe..."

Stetsko's government survived only a few days, although its "premier" strove with might and main to satisfy every whim of his bosses. Hitler had no need of even such a lackey government, however. He foresaw the Ukraine already conquered and transformed into a direct colony of the German fascists. So he sent Stetsko packing. The curtain was rung down. The stage-director dragged the unsuccessful actor behind stage. The posters containing the kowtowing declaration of this "actor" still hung for a long time on the city walls alongside the posters of the Gestapo ober-hangman of Lviv, Hans Krüger, announcing the execution of innocent people. Krüger was recently arrested and tried at Münster together with other brutes of the Lviv Gestapo and Yaniv concentration camp.

Stetsko, however, keeps penning his declarations and ultimatums, only now it's in the service of other bosses. But of that later.

If anyone imagines that Stetsko's collaboration with the armed forces of Hitler's Reich ended with his brief career as "premier", he is mistaken. In the spring of 1944 when the last strips of Ukrainian territory were already being liberated and the Hitler empire, which was supposed to last "a thousand years", was cracking, Stetsko again offered his services to the fascists. The price of this deal was paid with the blood of those duped Ukrainians who for one reason or another found themselves in the ranks of the so-called UPA—the Ukrainian Insurrection Army. Stetsko and Bandera formed a "pact" with the thrice-damned cruel enemy, who had killed several million Ukrainians and plundered the Ukraine from one end to the other, for joint action by the UPA and the German troops in fighting the Soviet Army and the Ukrainian people. Can anything be lower than that?!

Evidently there are still lower depths. Stetsko and the

Bandera gang proved it. Faithful students and followers of Machiavelli, they began to feverishly hunt for new patrons and bosses behind the backs of their allies, the German fascists. After all, of what use is an ally that is losing the war? He's not worth a pinch of snuff. And what use is treason if it doesn't benefit the traitor? That's horsefeathers, not treason. Machiavelli, Dontsov[1] and even Stetsko himself agree on that.

The new international nationalist organization, ABN, was to be the Trojan horse, which would save the necks of all the quickly repainted quislings, fascist henchmen and vile traitors. They were to travel a long way on the anti-Communist, anti-Soviet nag. Generous bosses can always be found for such filthy employment. That's why the erstwhile Hitler *landsknechts* began to build their bloc with such ardor. The OUNites again played first fiddle in this orchestra, and again the Banderites and that same Yaroslav Stetsko were to the fore.

STILL-BORN CHILD OF TREASON

The last bloody battles were still being fought for the liberation of Ukraine when representatives of OUN began to conduct negotiations with the ringleaders of the Serbian, Lithuanian, Slovak and other nationalist reactionaries. In January 1945 the "command" of OUN instructed the leadership of UPA to come to agreement with AK (Polish *Armia Krajowa)* for joint struggle against the Soviet Army. The Banderites thus extended their hand to those whom up till then they had considered their mortal enemies, whom they had killed without mercy and whose settlements they had razed.

The parents decided to baptize their still-born child, ABN, in the spring of 1946. The moment seemed to be most propitious for the event. Churchill had just croaked out his vulture speech at Fulton[2] and the shadow of a third world war gathered over the earth. The heads of the so-called foreign sections of OUN realized that now they could disclose their child to the public. Especially since wealthy godfathers had been found in the person of U.S.

[1] Dontsov—Ukrainian bougeois nationalist ideologist.

[2] "Iron Curtain" speech at Fulton, Missouri, U.S.A., launching the "cold war"

and British intelligence services. The christening was attended by Armenian, Bulgarian, Czech, Estonian, Hungarian, Latvian, Lithuanian and Polish relatives—all those quislings who during the early postwar years didn't have a shirt to their back and nothing but innumerable sins against their country on their conscience.

That's how ABN was organized. From the very first this international get-together of renegades enjoyed (and continues to enjoy) the support of certain influential circles in Western Germany and various fascist-type revenge-seeking outfits there, such as the "Alliance of Persons Deprived of their Fatherland". Through its affiliates in the U.S.A., Canada, Australia and South America (the so-called "Organizations of ABN Supporters") this bloc of filth maintained the closest relations with the most reactionary circles in those countries.

The rickety child was constantly in danger of pegging out. Possessing no real strength of its own and without much support from the masses of emigrants, the ABN, undermined by internecine quarrels and split by desertions, barely kept alive. Its "father," the "foreign sections" of OUN, which now consisted of Banderites alone, remained the sole granite pillar of the bloc. Stetsko's position kept growing ever stronger. He was elected chairman of the ABN Central Committee.

This post was not accorded to him because of any spiritual or mental qualities. He was simply pushed to the top by the political situation: the fact that the Bandera group formed the core of the bloc. As to Stetsko's worth as a man and leader, let other nationalists, including his former associates, testify:

"The real aim that spurred Stetsko lay in his ambitions that far outstripped his capabilities. This immature character without the necessary experience and training, whose entire knowledge is limited to several dozen unsystematically read books, and whose experience consists of issuing several bulletins and articles of highschool standard... got the urge to become a 'spiritual leader'.

"A speculator with a mania for writing," he "went in for very cheap and primitive melodramatics," and "Stetsko does not have any personal qualities that would give grounds for his pretensions."

That's how "highly" his friends characterize their for-

mer "idol" in the WHITE BOOK OF OUN published in 1941.

"Stetsko serves everybody and has no ideals," the "president" of the "Ukrainian National Council" and his partner in various diplomatic machinations, Andriy Levitsky, wrote in 1949. "He collaborated with the Polish *dwójka* [1], then with the Germans."

"When the Stetsko in the well-known comedy by Kvitka-Osnovyanenko went about Honcharivka asking his neighbors, 'What's cooking at your place today?' that didn't hurt anybody. The modern Stetsko, wandering about the world (he has been to Chiang Kai-shek's China and Franco's Spain...) with his fictitious title of 'Premier of the Ukraine,' exhibits primitivism, quackery and boundless arrogance."

That's what we read in a leading emigré newspaper.

Stetsko is an agent with many aliases. For the OUN he is Karbovich, for the Gestapo—Basmach, and for the Italian fascists Belendis. The names he goes under in the American, British and West German secret services are so far kept secret. The interview he granted the Canadian journalist Mackenzie Porter, which was printed in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE of May 1st, 1952, throws some light on his image when he was already chairman of the ABN central committee.

Stetsko spoke with stagey familiarity about the destruction of Soviet armymen and people, and boasted that during 1944-1948 the UPA blew up railroad trains (in which the mothers, brothers and children of those who were blowing them up may well have been riding). Stetsko wouldn't be in character if he didn't tell the correspondent loads of fairy-tales about the deep underground that was supposed to exist in the Ukraine.

"With appropriate assistance from the West, the ABN can carry out an armed uprising in Russia!" the swindler hooted, inebriated with his own imagination, and the Canadian publicist accurately wrote down and published in a magazine all that nonsense, which even a child could see through.

It goes without saying that Stetsko considers the Ukrainian underground to be the most powerful in the

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[1] Polish Intelligence Service.

Soviet Union. How could it be otherwise, when he, the wiseacre Stetsko, directs that underground by means of courier-knights who ply daily between him and the Ukraine, bearing his instructions. For some time Stetsko even published an "underground" newspaper, the KHARKIV NEWS—in Munich, of course. But he wasn't able to feed his bosses with tales of the actual existence of an underground press in the Ukraine for any length of time. He was caught red-handed and hauled over the coals.

But what has Stetsko to do with genuine facts! Almost every one of those few couriers who managed to cross into Soviet territory found out that the underground in the Ukraine exists only in the sick minds of Stetsko and his kind, and surrendered to the Soviet state security bodies, issuing truthful and honest messages to their former associates about the actual situation. It is sufficient to mention V. Kuk's open letter and M. Matvieyko's address to Stetsko, Lebid, Lenkavsky and other bigwig nationalist emigrés.

"As a former leader of the OUN on Ukrainian territory," wrote V. Kuk, "the commander-in-chief of UPA and the general secretary of the UNVR[1], who remained all the time in our native land, I am clearly in a better position to know whether an underground exists in the Ukraine or whether it doesn't. I consider it my duty to declare to the whole Ukrainian emigration abroad that the underground ceased to exist many years ago and that today—I stress this with complete frankness—there are no grounds for it to arise."

THIRD-RATE TRAVELLING SALESMAN

In the middle 1950's the "president" of ABN got a new yen: to travel.

Where did he not go, what countries did he not visit, which of his sworn brothers did he not see! There may not be honor among buffoons as there is said to be among thieves, but there is a feeling of professional fellowship. Stetsko journeyed to visit Chiang Kai-shek in far-off Taiwan. Here is what his own henchmen wrote about that trip:

"A richly laden Chinese table and friendly conversat-

[1] The Ukrainian nationalists' main executive council.

ion. Only he who has taken part in a Chinese reception can appreciate what it is. They say that on Christmas Eve we are supposed to partake of twelve dishes, and that is supposed to demonstrate the richness of the Ukrainian cuisine. But the Chinese don't wait a whole year for such a pretext, because at even the smallest of their receptions there are more than twelve very varied and dainty dishes. No wonder that at such a reception the disposition is serene and the conversation amicable."

We agree that it's not to be wondered at. Two lackeys of one boss have to agree around the feed-trough or else he'll give them both a clout. And no longer need anyone wonder what took Stetsko all the way to Taiwan. He wanted to guzzle various Chinese dishes. As for Chiang Kai-shek, it seems that he never could quite make out whom his colleague was supposed to represent, but he acknowledged Stetsko as an equal partner nevertheless and pledged him his aid for "the final utter rout of international Communism." A joint communique was drafted and the two high contractual powers put their signatures and seals to it. We wonder which signature is worth less.

The ice was broken. Now Stetsko, transferring forty thousand dollars from the ABN treasury to his personal account (as his former pal O. Yakimovich testifies), began to roam about the world like — as the Ukrainian saying has it — Marko in Hades. He shook the bloodstained hand of Spain's executioner Francisco Franco (at last they met face to face, though they had long been acquainted via telegrams). He fraternally embraced the throneless Bulgarian monarch Simeon and Portugal's president Salazar, "the Lisbon vampire". He kissed the aristocratic fingertips of the daughter of Italy's ex-king Victor Emanuel III. He even found the courage to go to Saigon, although delegates to the 9th Conference of the Anti-Communist League of Asian Nations were not being exactly met with bouquets at that time (October 1963) in South Vietnam. But such is life! He simply had to extend support to a kindred organization and deliver greetings to allies in "the struggle". And although he was soon to weep bitter tears over the fate of his spiritual brother Diem, Stetsko still likes on every occasion, whether appropriate or not, to recall the "South Vietnamese mission" as one of the highlights of his political career.

In our times Stetsko takes every opportunity to call for the broadening and escalation of the war in Vietnam, urging the President of the United States and other American official persons to invade North Vietnam, drop bombs on the Chinese People's Republic and increase the U.S. armed forces in South Vietnam tenfold. What difference does it make to this frothing warmonger, this ill-starred lineal descendent of Herostratus, that the war in Vietnam has been condemned by all decent people on the earth. Stetsko also spits on humane principles in the conduct of war. He is in favor of dropping H-bombs and bombing schools, hospitals and cultural monuments too...

Gallavanting about the world, Stetsko dropped in on Sweden in order to place a wreath... at the monument to King Charles XII. The one who was routed by Russian and Ukrainian armies at Poltava in 1709 so thoroughly that he barely escaped with his trousers. Stetsko called this king, who stuck his nose in somebody else's garden and got trounced for it, the "liberator" of Ukraine. Evidently Stetsko would be glad to invite some modern Swedish general to a joint "march" on Poltava, but the Swedes are in no hurry. Following that first Poltava, they have renounced military adventures and prefer to live in peace and quiet.

In his travels about the world ABN "president" Stetsko, third-rate travelling salesman, lodger at cheap hotels, guest of "governments" that don't exist, friend of "naked" kings, adventurer and buffoon, is accompanied by his suite.

FLY IN THE ABN RUBBISH PILE

The No. 1 individual in that suite is Stetsko's spouse—Yaroslava Muzika-Stetsko, whose family, OUN and ABN nickname is Mukha: the Fly.

Flies are filthy creatures, good for nothing but nastiness. That's why they are shooed away or mercilessly exterminated. Mrs. Mukha long fed at various emigré garbage heaps abroad before she found herself a more permanent location in Munich. At first she pounded a typewriter at a dump called the "Ukrainian Charitable Service." Then she got the urge to fly higher. And she did. She twirled closer to the trough at which her then

already shopworn future lord and master was standing. We don't know whether Mukha brings her husband black coffee in the morning, or how well she makes the coffee, or if she takes good care of the president's linen, but as for other things... She probably received thorough training at the hands of the great Stepan the First (Bandera) his very self, so now she serves her lawfully-wedded mate as lady of the court, private secretary and chronicler of his words and "doings" She can fill a small article with so much adulation of him that he later asks incredulously: "Is that really me, Slava?" At the same time she doesn't forget to praise herself for company. They glorify each other in this fashion without skimping adjectives. It's easier that way—you can raise yourself as high as you want to. Stetsko describes himself as "the outstanding ideologist of the Ukrainian nationalist movement" and an irreplaceable "theoretician" Mrs. Stetsko concurs: "It's true, it's true, he is such a good theoretician—who should know better than I? And now he's getting practical training too—under my heel." Nobody in the ABN is Mukha's equal.

Mukha in fact directs all the ABN business. It's not we that say so, but the nationalists themselves. They call her Catherine the Second (there's a Fly for you!), and when they speak of Stetsko without her, they refer to him as "half-pint." There are other opinions as well. At one ABN conference, when she demanded the bombing of the Soviet Union too belligerently, an Estonian ex-colonel nicknamed Madame Mukha "the damned witch."

The activity of Stetsko's better half is variegated, but she has a special compulsion to write. She preserves every step taken by Stetsko—and herself, it is understood—for posterity. Here is with what "profundity" and diplomatic nicety Mrs. Stetsko-Mukha described her meeting with Diem, the bloody dictator of South Vietnam:

"After the public audience our delegation was invited to a special waiting-room on the ground floor of the building. Doctor Tien, the chief of VIETNAM-PRESS, was the sole and silent witness to our audience with the president. Our meeting lasted twenty minutes. We briefly told him about the struggle of our peoples, and Diem tied in his remarks with those struggles. On the table beside us lay our modest gifts: a cross carved in the Ukrainian

style and a sacerdotal vestment, and from the Georgians a book depicting the frescoes and mosaics of the most ancient churches in Georgia. The president came to the table, took the cross in his hands and said: "I have faith that this cross will lead my people to victory!"

A few days later Diem was buried and the "divine" statues of the Trang sisters were toppled off the pedestal. Later other dictators were driven off as well and today the Vietnamese people are giving the uninvited American "missionaries" a good trouncing. In other words, the symbolism was sure profound!

"Madame president" was next heard of from Paris. She let the world in on a piece of extraordinary news. It transpired that she knew of "a large number of illegal anti-Soviet radio stations" in the Ukraine. You don't believe it? And that isn't all yet! "In the Ukraine there is active partisan resistance, which the police forces could not subdue and it became necessary to bring in units of the regular army..." So there!

Even the nationalist sheets made sour faces at such unfounded verbal firecrackers, complaining that "they boomerang against ourselves." One of the scribblers proved to be without a sense of humor and commented on Mrs. Mukha's record of lies. "It is too bad," he summed up, "that Mrs. Stetsko forgot to mention the famous Banderite airplane plants in the Carpathian mountains, of which she boasted not so long ago, and about the 15,000-strong Soviet army that went over to UPA and disappeared in the Carpathians like a pebble thrown into the sea."

The agile Mukha keeps climbing up the ladder like a genuine fly-weight acrobat. She has good qualifications and a talent for it. Firstly, she is younger than the other partners and finds climbing more easy. Secondly, she's a woman, and that's no small asset when you take into consideration that the leaders of ABN are mostly high-born princes, former diplomats and generally characters who are accustomed to wear white gloves even when engaged in the filthiest and bloodiest work. Furthermore, Mukha is educated, she is a polished, so to say, intellectual. Yes sir! A person in the know may dispute you and suggest that she has only an elementary education. That's not proof, sir, not an argument! Mukha is now courteously called "Madame Magistrate" by the Slovak quisling

Professor Doctor Diurčansky and even by Mr. Engineer Kashuba. The latter's utterances are sharp as though he were cutting with a knife. And he's a master at cutting. After all, he's the chief of the security service—a pocket-size ill-starred OUNite Himmler. You should hear how politely Kashuba exchanges compliments with Mukha:

"I kiss your hands, Madame Magistrate!"

"I greet you, Mr. Engineer."

"How are things, Madame Magistrate?"

"Everything is fine, Mr. Engineer."

"Whom did you have supper with last night?"

"And you?"

"Hahaha!..."

"Hohoho!..."

You may ask what the Georgian prince Niko Nakashidze and the Estonian colonel have to say about this. Mukha spits on those old gaffers. She gives them their pay monthly as an official of ABN—and that's all. That's absolutely true, as any resident of Dachauerstrasse 9 will swear on a pack of bibles.

"Our" Mukha keeps soaring higher and higher. She has even mastered several languages. She has an extensive vocabulary of swear-words: Ukrainian for use at home, German for Munich market places, and English—goodness me, what she doesn't say in English! When you listen to her talk to an Anglo-Saxon audience, you can't help marvelling where the record-player inside her is located. It's always one and the same thing. Slavery and "action", imperialism and freedom, the cross and the sickle, God and Antichrist, the spirit and infirmity. Even such a slow-witted dub as Stetsko's bodyguard Mykola already knows the president's wife's speech by heart.

Just one thing has proved too much for Madame Mukha: the French language. She was and is drawn as though by a magnet to Paris, the capital of the world. She often visits there, appears at affairs, gets her clothes from the king of fashion Dior and has her coiffeur made by the king of hairdressers Antoine... but she can only say "parlez française" and not another word. Highly paid tutors haven't helped. Her lawfully wedded spouse grew angry at last at having spent so much money for nothing and drove away the tutors. "It's no use continuing to try

to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" he even scolded his wife. They can't do that—even in Paris.

Don't get the idea, however, that the Chief and Mrs. Chief are eternally bickering. Not at all. Often, holding hands, they go to watch the boxers. We don't mean those boxers which are a breed of dog. We don't even know if the Stetskos like that particular species of canine, although they do say over there that there is one dog of the ABN that is constantly hanging around "Mrs. President"—such an attractive dog and with what a title!

Once upon a time, in bourgeois Poland, the entire "cream" of the males in Warsaw made love to a certain cabinet minister's wife. A book was even written about it, and the affair was filmed under the title "The Minister's Lady Dances." So why shouldn't Mukha also taste some of that glory? Let her walk with her husband to the matches, let her dance, let her get a thrill out of one boxer counting another's teeth. That's an encouragement to "action" and also pleasant entertainment. Later that experience will come in handy both in politics and in the home. The relations between the members of the ABN central committee often remind one of a boxing ring anyway. Sometimes this amateur boxing enthusiasm also prevails in the private life of the Stetskos. It was probably not for nothing that the "premier" once confided to a friend: "Oh, what a devil is living in my home!"

OTHER SWILLERS AT THE TROUGH

We devoted so much attention to the Stetskos not only because they are of our nationality but because they are top dog in the ABN. That flimsy bloc consists of other individuals too, of course. Long before ABN and other anti-Soviet groups with similar aims and tasks, such as "International Freedom," "Prometheus," etc., were formed, nationalists of various stripes were already conducting reactionary activities among immigrants in other countries. "Prometheus" was at one time led by the Hungarian nationalist Bilo Bilatti, the Georgian prince Niko Nakashidze and Ukrainian professor Roman Stal-Stotsky. Byelorussian Tomashek and that same Nakashidze were at different times elected secretary general and the Latvian Berzinysh chairman of the ABN "council of nations."

Individual nationalist groups often took steps toward "unification." The three above-mentioned outfits were supposed to found a new "united" anti-Soviet organization, the "Anti-Bolshevik League for Liberation of Peoples." But can three dogs establish harmony in one backyard? Naturally, nothing came of those attempts to form a "united" organization.

The Polish chauvinists, who wouldn't accept the new borders of Ukraine at any price, were the first to leave. Then one of the Hungarian groups deserted the "bloc." The Russian White Guard organizations categorically refused to collaborate with Stetsko's "camp" because the ABN raised its hand not only against the Soviet power, but also against the idea of a "single and indivisible Mother Russia." Glazkov's "Cossacks" and the Turkestanians also left the "bloc." After a while the Byelorussian "sworn brothers" showed their heels since it became an open secret that the Stetskoites intended to "Ukrainianize" them in the future. The Czech and Slovak nationalists snarl at each other like dogs, and the Serbian chauvinists and Croatian separatists can't agree on the borders of their future states. The Lithuanian and Latvian "independencers" also can't agree. Though they are united in their hatred of the socialist world, they are split and set against one another by their hatred of their neighbors and other peoples. There's nothing odd in that. The basic feature of nationalism, as Bertrand Russell pointed out, is not love of one's native land but hatred of all other nations.

The reason why ABN has not fallen apart completely must be sought in the personal connections of its leaders with many secret service agencies of the Western powers and the often well-masked behind-scenes assistance of various institutions and foundations.

Here are portraits of some of the "bloc" ringleaders.

First we have the foreign affairs minister of the puppet Tiso regime of Slovakia during the fascist occupation, Professor Ferdinand Ďurčansky, head of the "Slovak Liberation Committee". When Slovakia was truly liberated, the people's court sentenced this "professor" to death as a war criminal, but the U.S. occupation authorities wouldn't even entertain the idea of delivering this traitor up to the legal government—to them he remains a "minister".

Next is Prince Niko Nakashidze, chieftain of the Georgian nationalist organization and since 1950 a member and general secretary of ABN. This scion of the Georgian aristocracy has led a complicated and tangled life, progressing from appearances in a cheap cabaret to... the staff of the Hitlerite occupation army. We don't know how successful he was in soliciting music-hall girls for wealthy clients, but he wasn't able to recruit many volunteers for service in the S.S. from among Georgian prisoners of war. After the defeat of the Hitler regime he immediately transferred his services to the U.S. secret service. Recently he departed this world to join his titled forefathers in Kingdom Come.

Another Georgian emigré "leader" is M. Alshibaya, an S.S. lieutenant who was decorated by Hitler. In 1963 he travelled with Stetsko as a delegate of ABN to Saigon, where he "conducted negotiations" with Ngo Dinh Diem. Probably frightened by what happened to the latter, he now sits quiet as a mouse.

Then there is engineer-agronomist V. Tomashek, a Byelorussian by nationality and an S.D. *sonderführer* by profession. He is one of the organizers of the "International Committee for the Protection of the Political Rights of Refugees" and a general secretary in the rotating system of the ABN. When the plan proposed by Stetsko for the annexation" of Byelorussia leaked out, Tomashek and his group left the bloc. Now this "statesman" has become the Archbishop of the Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in the U.S. Today he is called Kyr Vassily. Maybe he teaches his flock how to pray, but it is more likely that his old habits prevail and he reports what he learns from his parishioners at "holy confession." After all, habit is second nature.

Quite different is the biography and role of Vassily Glazkov, a *junker* (army officer-in-training) during the tsarist regime. He was for many years the actual head of an emigré gang in Germany that called itself "Free Cossacks." A fanatical proponent of a "Cossack state" stretching from the shores of the Black Sea to the Pacific Ocean, during the war he organized the so-called "Cossack national-liberation movement" and collaborated with the Gestapo, and after the war switched over to the U.S. secret service. An advocate of the merger of the three anti-

Soviet organizations, he was elected the first chairman of the still-born Anti-Bolshevik League for the Liberation of Peoples.

"Cossack General" Donskov was the city mayor of Bataisk during the German fascist occupation. He is a member of the ABN "military council" and the author of its "anthem." He sings.

Alfred Berzinysh, who was a cabinet minister in several bourgeois governments of Latvia, became a member of the ABN top circle in 1946, when he assumed the post of chairman of the "council of nations". In 1949 he left for the U.S. where he became the vice-president of the ultra-reactionary Society of Latvians in America. He wrote several libellous books which nobody reads and is the editor of the "Voice of America" broadcasts in Latvian. Actually this voice of America is not welcome in Latvia, where the people say pointedly: "We recognize Berzinysh's voice, which we know very well from the bourgeois times. Can it be that America has fallen so low that Berzinysh's voice is the voice of America?"

We could tell about several other ABN chieftains who supported Stetsko and his clique at one time or another, such as the former Hungarian Horthy general Ferenz Farkan de Kizhbarnak, the "president" of the "Turkestan national committee" Vali Kayum Khan, who was formerly employed in Rosenberg's "eastern ministry", the killer of many peaceable Soviet citizens, and now an agent of the British and American secret service, or the Tatar nationalist Harif Sultanov, one of the chiefs of the "Tatar-Bashkirian committee", etc. The circle is small and distinguished only by its rottenness.

Dear reader! Lay aside this booklet for a minute, open the window and breathe some fresh air. We have just been among horrible people—renegades. We have visited the nethermost depths of human life, the filthy hole of turncoats. From the skimpy biographical data of the "leaders" of the nationalist organizations abroad that are affiliated to ABN you cannot help but see that each one of them has a lengthy history of espionage and treason, quackery and murder. Each one of them assiduously served the German fascist invaders and helped the accursed enemy to crucify his native land. Each one's hands are red with the people's blood. Every one of them even now is an agent of one or

more secret services of capitalist powers. Each one dreams only of returning to his native country with foreign troops and of seeing the sun of his former motherland, where he was born and grew up, blotted out by bursting shells and the fog of nuclear blasts.

"Any kind of war would be a lesser evil to the peoples of the East as compared to their present condition," Andriy Melnyk, one of the Ukrainian nationalist aces, told an American newspaper correspondent several years ago. And although Melnyk was opposed to the ABN and Stetsko, every leading buffoon of the ABN and in general every one of the nationalist "chiefs" would put his signature to that sadistic statement. They are all alike, all tarred with the same brush: insane hatred of the Soviet Union and the lofty ideals of Communism.

THE STETSKOS NEVER LEARN

Some people thought that in time Stetsko and other ABNites would learn something from the lessons of history. But, as the Ukrainian saying has it, "even a censer won't help a corpse." Stetsko and his bloc are long since political corpses rotting on the rubbish heap of history. They haven't changed a bit, although the winds of new ideas and new times, of the irrevocable epoch of the struggle of the peoples for peace, friendship and socialism, are blowing all about them.

"Our aim is to reconstruct the space occupied by the Soviet Union and Moscow." That's what was brazenly written in the program of ABN twenty years ago. Stetsko is mumbling the same thing today. We recollect that we heard that word somewhere before: space... living space... Why, that's from MEIN KAMPF, the favorite word of Hitler, Goebbels and Rosenberg. Everyone knows where it brought those lunatic "conquerors". But do half-wits ever learn from history?

The ABN moguls aren't concerned about such an "insignificant" fact that under present conditions a war of the capitalist powers against the Soviet Union would be a nuclear holocaust that would wipe out whole nations and populations. They are in favor of war, they want to fight. That's all. Their politics, tactics, program and "action" are all based on war. The ancients correctly

noted that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Don't look for even a pinch of reason in the program and activities of ABN and its ringleaders.

His hands being too short and too weak to get hold of atomic bombs, Stetsko battles with paper petards. He is past master at that. Moreover, Mukha pounds the typewriter rapidly and efficiently. So protests, memorandums and declarations fly in all directions!

No sooner is the current session of the United Nations Assembly called to order than Stetsko already has an ABN memorandum prepared protesting the participation of the U.S.S.R. in it on the grounds that Ukraine should be represented not by delegates of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, but by him, Stetsko.

Whenever a representative of a Western power is sent to Moscow on official business, Stetsko's agents are right there to shove a message in his pocket: "Why are you going there, silly? You must talk with the Soviets only from positions of strength. The free world must discontinue all contacts with the Soviet Union."

Whenever the U.S. Congress meets, the President is sure to get a wire from Stetsko: "Don't forget to pray at the Congress for the fate of the Ukrainian people. Don't forget to adopt a new 'enslaved nations' resolution."

Not long ago the 25th anniversary came up of Stetsko's proclamation of "the act of renewal of the Ukrainian state" (that's how the lackey of the Wehrmacht and Abwehr today pompously calls the formation of the several days' puppet government in Lviv on June 30th, 1941) and the main hero of that comedy became re-animated. He organized boisterous banquets at Munich and New York, freely spending money collected from a section of the emigrés. Well, let the 60-year old revelers make merry if it pleases them to recall the days "of the closest collaboration with the German army units," as Stetsko put it in his autobiography, but they should stop at that. However, nothing doing! Their appetites are enormous and they still have some following among duped emigrants. So Stetsko announced the 25th anniversary of his "act" as a "measure" of the ABN. How many words were poured out, how many tears were shed! And all with one purpose: to open the purses of gullible transoceanic countrymen with the sonorous catch-call, "Whoever helps ABN helps

himself!" The ABN central committee (read: Stetsko) published an appeal for the collection of funds for ABN activity. Oh, what a piece of writing! "Whoever is against prison, whoever is against the kingdom of Antichrist, whoever is for man as created in God's image, whoever is for faith in God, etc.,—he is for the ABN." It is well-known that criminals, gangsters and muderers are against prisons. Maybe Stetsko expects to get donations from them?!

After publishing the appeal, the Stetsko couple again hit the road. They appeared at Dortmund, London, Paris, Darby and Rochdale. "Members of ABN have toured all free nations," Stetsko boasted at Rochdale, "and have had a great influence on Japan, the Philippines, Portugal, Spain and a whole number of Afro-Asian countries." Why not the United States of America, Britain, France and Western Germany? And how about the nations of their origin? Why have you suddenly become so modest, Mr. President of the ABN central committee?

Maybe it's simply because you've got nothing to boast about. The ranks of ABN are growing thinner with each passing day, as are those of the other nationalist organizations and blocs, and nothing can help them, neither your banquets nor the balls that are part of each ABN "rally", at which the piéce de resistance is the dance of "the fish with the lobster and the parsley with the parsnip"—that is, of Madame Stetsko with war criminal F. Diurčansky. As of now all that remains of ABN are only individual nationalist groupings—of former Ukrainians from the OUN foreign sections, Latvians, Lithuanians, Estonians, Serbians, Rumanians, Hungarians and Croatians. But for how long? The ABN is like a putrid pond in the depths of a forest. On the surface it is glossy-still, but if you stir it you will suffocate from the stench. Slime and putrefication. When a body of water has no spring to freshen it, it becomes putrid.

Stetsko alone remains cocky in that rotten ABN atmosphere, whose present condition and prospects are both wrapped in gloom. We are already sick of talking about him, he leaves a bad taste in the mouth. But it isn't our fault that so far we haven't been able to treat him seriously. That's not only because he reminds us of a comic figure in Ukrainian literature, but simply that it's hard to treat

buffoons seriously. The reader has the right to ask, however: Who is this Stetsko after all? A sphinx? An enigma?

We'll try to sum up our ideas about him.

The life, activity and behavior of Stetsko, his "deeds" and even his passion for travelling and meeting with persons of high office are deeply rooted in the character and psychological make-up of the "ABN president". Everybody who knew him in his youth and prior to as well as after his brief "premiership", and observes his present caprices, agrees that Stetsko is an unbalanced individual, suffering from megalomania—a sort of schizophrenic. He is at the same time a weakling and very cruel. He is ready to march to his goal—to attain power—even over the dead bodies of his friends. As far back as 1936 he shouted that his ideas are so grandiose that to achieve them it's worthwhile sacrificing the lives of not only thousands but millions of human beings. Today he is willing to sacrifice the whole Ukrainian people, and not them alone. If you placed a nuclear bomb at his disposal he wouldn't hesitate a moment to use it.

His constant search for new friends among the "strong men" of the earth, or rather their shadows, has earned him the derision even of his friends. His attempts to expand the scope of ABN are another evidence of his soaring ambition. There's no getting around it, deep down inside he doesn't believe for an instant in the possibility of realizing his ideas and the aims which he proclaims to "the common herd". He is not so foolish as to believe in the impossible. All that is simply noise to attract attention and bring him fame—he wants to be famous. That is the alpha of his life.

The omega is—money. In order to be able to show off in the proper circles he must be well-heeled. He must have spacious, comfortable apartments, a de luxe automobile, a private chauffeur, a bodyguard, a whole suite of friends, a solid bank account and an airplane at his services. Stetsko has all that. The cost is covered by donations from duped OUN members and others, who are daily bugged by ABN agents: "Give! Give! Give!" Well, let them give if they aren't sorry to see their hard-earned dollars go with the wind. All that money will be spent on staging the maniac's representations and his other requirements,

including roaming about to visit the dark corners of the earth.

We can imagine what a to-do there would be if Stetsko were received by the U.S., British or French heads of state! But so far he must remain satisfied with partners of his own stature, third-raters. Stetsko is persona grata among bankrupt politicians—after all, "the little Napoleon" has really achieved something by his importunity.

An irresponsible schizophrenic, he has been muddying the waters of good international relations this many a year, pouring streams of lies and slander on the achievements of the Soviet people and calling for a crusade against our country.

"That people should live on the earth!"—that's how Stetsko headed one of his articles, shamelessly paraphrasing the great Taras Shevchenko. We say to this damned man-hater who suddenly wrapped the toga of a peacemaker about himself:

"People do live on the earth! They love their motherland, people, language and traditions boundlessly and ardently. For the sake of the great future of their countries—Ukraine, Byelorussia, Russia, Georgia, Armenia, Lithuania, Czechia, Croatia, etc.,—they are ready to sacrifice everything they hold dear, to lay down their lives for freedom and independence. But among these genuine, decent patriotic people there never was, is not now and will never be room for renegades, traitors, spies, recent lackeys of fascism and present political corpses from the ABN—Assembly of Buffoonish Nationalists—who rant for war and are ready to deliver their peoples to dishonor and death."

The corpses of ABN do not represent anyone, they have no influence on the course of events, and they are impotent to hinder the progress of their peoples. The Stetskos are sliding down a steep slope to oblivion as they deserve.

That is because the incentive of their actions lies in hatred of man, of their native land, of the successes and prosperity of their countries.

The Ukraine is flourishing, growing stronger and winning ever greater recognition in the world despite the Stetskos and without asking their permission.

Our incentive, here in our country, is to faithfully serve our people, to love mankind, and to lift the red

guelder-rose of our reality like a bright banner to the sun, to bloom with all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful, grand and unique.

We are a people that is climbing upward. The great, lovely and rich Ukraine lives strong and free!

Editor: William Biley

Translation: John Weir

Jacket design: Vasil Bubelo

Technical Editor: Valery Ponomaryov

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Anatoly Hritsenko

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